

10¢

NO. 83

CAPTAIN AERO

COMICS NO. 23

POPC



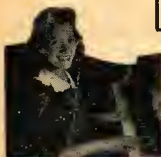


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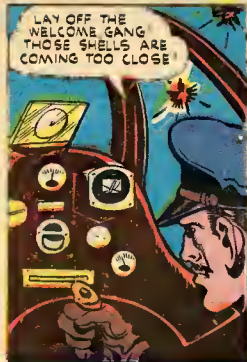
CAPTAIN Aero

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE



MANY TIMES YOU HAVE READ OF THE DARING EXPLOITS OF CAPTAIN AERO! HERE IS A DIFFERENT STORY--A STORY OF BASE TREACHERY AND COWARDICE-- OF THE TIME WHEN CAPTAIN AERO WAS HUNTED LIKE A WILD BEAST, BY MEN WHO ONCE GLADLY FOLLOWED HIM INTO PERIL! THE TITLE OF THIS STORY--IF YOU HAVEN'T GUESSED--IS, "CAPTAIN AERO--TRAITOR!"

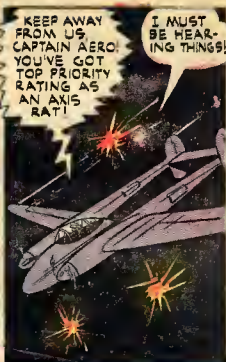




LAY OFF THE WELCOME GANG THOSE SHELLS ARE COMING TOO CLOSE

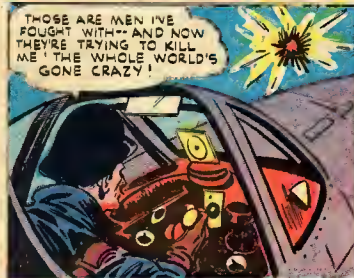


WOW! THAT BURST NEARLY GOT ME!

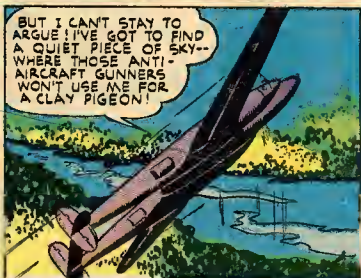


KEEP AWAY FROM US, CAPTAIN AERO! YOU'VE GOT TOP PRIORITY RATING AS AN AXIS RAT!

I MUST BE HEARING THINGS!



THOSE ARE MEN I'VE FOUGHT WITH--AND NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME! THE WHOLE WORLD'S GONE CRAZY!



BUT I CAN'T STAY TO ARGUE! I'VE GOT TO FIND A QUIET PIECE OF SKY-- WHERE THOSE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS WON'T USE ME FOR A CLAY PIGEON!

CAPTAIN AERO LANDS IN A FOREST CLEARING NOT FAR AWAY!



THE AIRDROME MIGHT HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE JAPS! I'LL GO BACK ON FOOT AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

NIGHT...AND CAPTAIN AERO STANDS OUTSIDE A CERTAIN BARRACKS WINDOW!



MAJOR CANTRELL! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? THIS IS CAPTAIN AERO... I MUST TALK TO YOU!

SUDDENLY...

SOMEBODY
SHOT AT
ME!



BUT THAT'S THE
LAST SHOT YOU'RE
TAKING AT
ANYONE!

UGH!



NOW YOU'LL TELL
ME WHAT YOU'VE
DONE WITH THE
MAJOR!



AS THE LIGHTS GO ON!

WHA... IT
CAN'T BE!
MAJOR
CANTRELL!

I'M SORRY I DIDN'T
KILL YOU WITH MY
FIRST SHOT!



BUT-BUT
YOU'RE
MY BEST
FRIEND!
WHY DO
YOU WANT
TO KILL
ME?

FOR THE SAME REASON
YOU MACHINE-GUNNED
THOSE HELPLESS
CHINESE AT UNAN!
BECAUSE YOU'VE
AMBUSHED AND
MURDERED THE MEN
OF OUR SQUADRON!
AT FIRST, WE THOUGHT
YOU WERE INSANE,
BUT...



YOU WERE TOO RUTH-
LESS, TOO METHODICAL!
THERE WAS NO MISTAK-
ING YOUR DEADLY SKILL
IN THE AIR! I TRIED TO
STOP YOU, BUT YOU
SHOT DOWN MY PLANE
IN FLAMES!

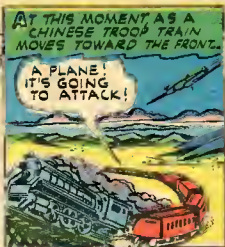


THAT
WASN'T
ME! I
SWEAR
IT!

I'VE FLOWN AND
FOUGHT WITH
YOU! I SAW
YOU IN YOUR
PLANE! I BELIEVE
THE EVIDENCE
OF MY OWN
EYES!







SO THEY'RE AFTER ME! THE LEAST I CAN DO, IS BE THERE WHEN THEY ARRIVE!



MOMENTS LATER, CAPTAIN AERO'S WONDER PLANE ZOOMS FROM THE CLEARING!

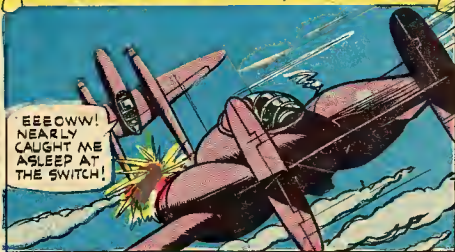
THEY'VE A HEADSTART! BUT THIS PLANE WILL OVERHAUL THEM!



A TROOP TRAIN AFIRE! MORE OF THE JAP'S DIRTY WORK!



OUT OF THE CLOUDS PLUMMETS ANOTHER PLANE TO THE ATTACK... BUT WHAT'S THIS? WHERE HAVE WE SEEN THAT PLANE BEFORE?



EEEOOWW! NEARLY CAUGHT ME ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH!

BUT I'LL BET HE WASN'T EXPECTING THIS!

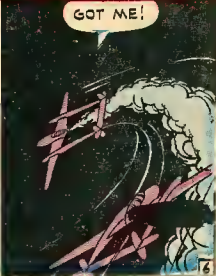


HEY! THAT... THAT'S MY PLANE!

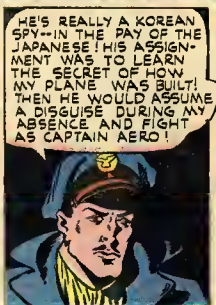


TAKING ADVANTAGE OF CAPTAIN AERO'S BEWILDERMENT, HIS OPPONENT SWOOPS TO THE ATTACK! A STREAM OF BULLETS FINDS ITS TARGET!

GOOT ME!







Miss

VICTORY

OUT OF THE MAD DESPAIR
OF DEFEAT, NIPPON
SUMMONS A LAST TERRIBLE
EFFORT TO WRECK THE
CONQUERING LEGIONS OF
THE ALLIES... ROLLING
FORWARD LIKE AN
IRRESISTIBLE AVALANCHE,
COMES THE SPIKED AND
HIDEOUS GLOBE OF
DEATH!

AND YET EVEN THE
MIGHTY POWER OF MISS
VICTORY CAN HALT THE
SURGING POWER OF
HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION!

ON EVERY FRONT, THE VICTORIOUS ARMIES
OF THE UNITED NATIONS, GARRY THE ATTACK
TO THE FOE ...

WE'VE GOT 'EM
ON THE RUN,
CHARLIE!!

GUNG
HO!!



THOSE NIPS WON'T
STOP RUNNING UNTIL
THEY REACH TOKYO!



SMASHING FORWARD WITH IRRESISTIBLE
FORCE, A GIGANTIC SPIKED GLOBE
DESTROYS MEN AND MACHINES IN ITS
PATH....

NOTHING STOPS IT!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



BUT FEW ARE THE MEN WHO ESCAPE
FROM THAT BLOODY BATTLEFIELD...

AAAAHH!!!



SUDDENLY A DEAFENING RUMBLE FILLS THE
AIR...THE EARTH SHAKES WITH A STRANGE
PALSY AND—

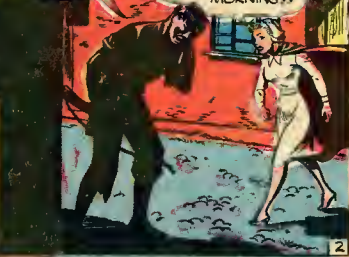
GOOD GLORY!
WHAT IS IT?



LATER, A HALF-CRAZED SURVIVOR
REACHES A NEARBY TOWN...

I SAW IT! HA HA!
I SAW THE GLOBE
OF DEATH!

I KNOW THAT SOLDIER!
HE WAS WITH THE
TROOPS THAT WENT TO
THE FRONT THIS
MORNING!!



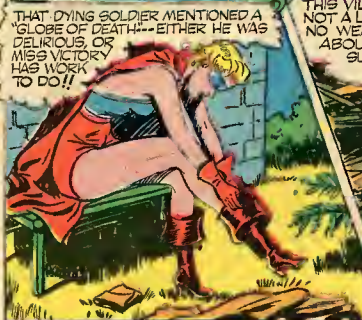


THIS MAN IS
SUFFERING
FROM SHOCK!

BRING
HIM
INSIDE!

MOMENTS LATER, JOAN WAYNE
SLIPS OUTSIDE, AND...

THAT DYING SOLDIER MENTIONED A
"GLOBE OF DEATH"---EITHER HE WAS
DELIRIOUS, OR
MISS VICTORY
HAS WORK
TO DO!!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

I COULDN'T
SAVE HIM! HE
LITERALLY
DIED OF
FRIGHT!!

WHAT TERRIBLE
THING COULD HAVE
DONE THIS TO
HIM? THIS WAS NO
ORDINARY CASE OF
BATTLE SHOCK!!

THIS VILLAGE, DESTROYED...
NOT A LIVING SOUL REMAINS!
NO WEAPON I'VE HEARD
ABOUT COULD WORK
SUCH RUIN!!



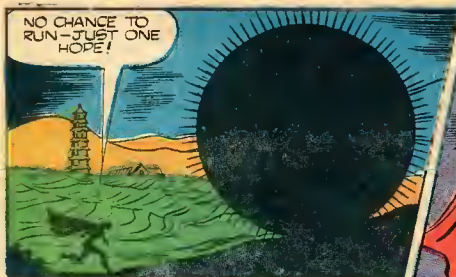
THEN MISS VICTORY DOUBTS HER SENSES...
FOR COMING OVER THE CREST
OF A HILL, SHE SEES...



WHAT'S
THAT?



THE GLOBE
OF DEATH!!
IT--IT'S
INCREDIBLE!



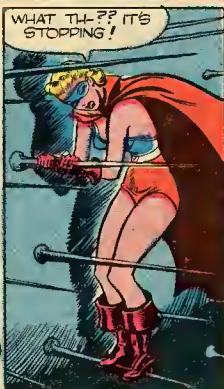
NO CHANCE TO
RUN—JUST ONE
HOPE!



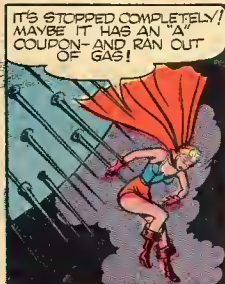
I'VE GOT TO—
KEEP CLIMBING!



I'VE BEEN ALL OVER THIS
SPIKED HORROR! THERE'S
NO ENTRANCE! HOW IS
IT CONTROLLED?



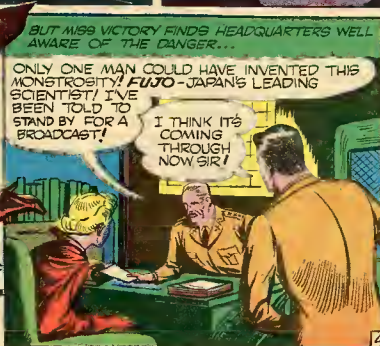
WHAT TH-?? IT'S
STOPPING!



IT'S STOPPED COMPLETELY!
MAYBE IT HAS AN "A"
COUPON—AND RAN OUT
OF GAS!



BUT I'M AFRAID THIS IS JUST
THE QUIET BEFORE THE
STORM! I'VE GOT TO
REACH G.H.Q. AND WARN
THEM!



BUT MISS VICTORY FINDS HEADQUARTERS WELL
AWARE OF THE DANGER...

ONLY ONE MAN COULD HAVE INVENTED THIS
MONSTROSITY! **FUJO**—JAPAN'S LEADING
SCIENTIST! I'VE
BEEN TOLD TO
STAND BY FOR A
BROADCAST!

I THINK IT'S
COMING
THROUGH
NOW SIR!

AN EVIL, SATURNINE FACE APPEARS ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN...

THAT'S FUJO HIMSELF!

YOU SAW THE POWER OF MY GLOBE OF DEATH! NOTHING CAN STOP IT! ALL WHO OPPOSE ME, ARE DOOMED!



BUT I AM MERCIFUL! PROVIDED THE ALLIED ARMIES SURRENDER WITHIN ONE HOUR, THEY WILL NOT BE DESTROYED! FUJO HAS SPOKEN!



FUJO CAN GO TO BLAZES! ORDER EVERY BOMBER INTO THE AIR! WE'LL SMASH HIS GLOBE OF DEATH!

YES SIR!



MEANWHILE, MISS VICTORY TRIES ANOTHER LEAD...

DID YOU LOCATE THE SOURCE OF FUJO'S BROADCAST?

YES! THE TRIANGULATION SHOWS HE WAS BROADCASTING FROM THE SPOT MARKED ON THE MAP! HE ISN'T FAR AWAY!



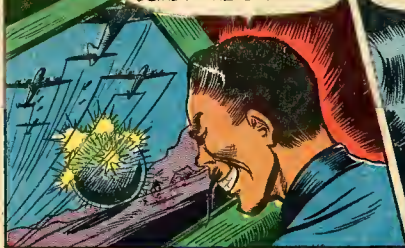
SOON AFTERWARD, A PLANE RISES STEEPLY FROM THE GROUND...

I'LL FIND FUJO'S HEAD QUARTERS! IF OUR BOMBERS CAN'T FINISH HIS GLOBE OF DEATH, I WILL!



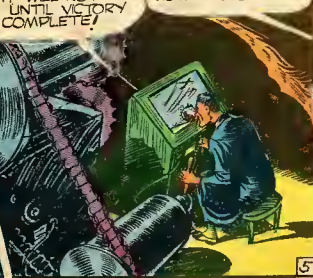
IN A LONELY MOUNTAIN CAVE, THE MAD SCIENTIST FUJO WATCHES THE FUTILE ATTACK ON HIS GLOBE OF DEATH

THE FOOLS! THEIR BOMBS ARE USELESS!



BUT THEY DEFIED ME! THE GLOBE OF DEATH WILL ROLL AGAIN! THIS TIME, IT WILL NOT STOP UNTIL VICTORY IS COMPLETE!

SO YOUR INVENTION IS RADIO CONTROLLED! HOW INTERESTING!



BUT THERE'S ONE THING
YOU FORGOT ABOUT
RADIO CONTROL!



—IT ALL DEPENDS ON
WHO CONTROLS THE
RADIO!



MISS VICTORY GUIDES
THE GLOBE OF DEATH
TO A HIGH CLIFF EDGE
AND SENDS IT TOPPLING
TOWARD THE SEA!



THAT'S THE END
OF FUJO'S
INVENTION!

YOU WILL
PAY FOR
THIS!



YOUR SNEAK ATTACK
DIDN'T WORK FUJO!



LATER AFTER FUJO HAS BEEN
"TAKEN PRISONER..."

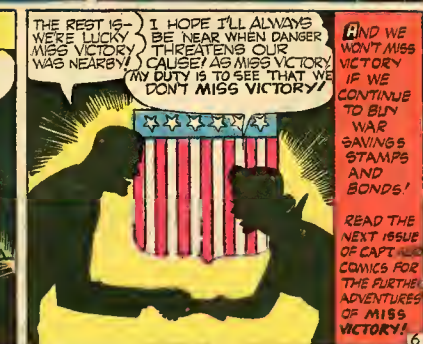
THE GLOBE OF DEATH
HAD ONE FATAL
WEAKNESS... IT WAS
SO BIG THAT THE
RADIO CONTROLS
HAD TO BE NEARBY!

THAT'S ONLY
HALF THE
ANSWER!



THE REST IS—
WE'RE LUCKY
MISS VICTORY
WAS NEARBY!

I HOPE I'LL ALWAYS
BE NEAR WHEN DANGER
THREATENS OUR
CAUSE! AS MISS VICTORY,
MY DUTY IS TO SEE THAT WE
DON'T MISS VICTORY!

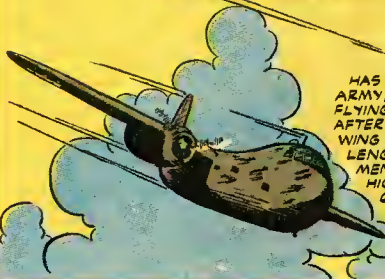
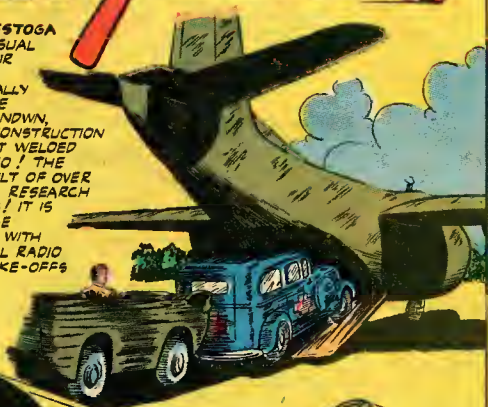


AND WE
WON'T MISS
VICTORY
IF WE
CONTINUE
TO BUY
WAR
SAVINGS
STAMPS
AND
BONDS!

READ THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF CAPT. AND
COMICS FOR
THE FURTHER
ADVENTURES
OF MISS
VICTORY!

Flying Boxcar

THE BUDD RB-1 CONESTOGA IS ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AIRCRAFT TO COME OFF OUR ASSEMBLY LINES IN SOME TIME! DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR CARGO CARRYING, THE "FLYING BOXCAR" AS IT IS KNOWN, IS OF STAINLESS STEEL CONSTRUCTION AND THE PARTS ARE SPOT WELDED INSTEAD OF BEING RIVETED! THE CONESTOGA IS THE RESULT OF OVER TEN YEARS OF INTENSIVE RESEARCH BY THE BUDD ENGINEERS! IT IS EASY TO FLY, HAS A LARGE CONTROL CABIN EQUIPPED WITH DUAL CONTROLS AND FULL RADIO FACILITIES FOR BLIND TAKE-OFFS AND LANDINGS---



THE CONESTOGA'S CAPACITY AND PERFORMANCE HAS BEEN ABLY DEMONSTRATED FOR THE ARMY! WITH A 10,400 POUND PAY LOAD, THE FLYING BOXCAR CAN TAKE TO THE AIR AFTER ONLY A 420 FOOT RUN! IT HAS A WING SPAN OF 100 FEET AND ITS 68 FOOT LENGTH INCLUDES A FREIGHT COMPARTMENT THAT IS 25 FEET LONG, 8 FEET HIGH AND 6 FEET WIDE! TWO 14-CYLINDER AIR-COOLED ENGINES GIVE THE BUDD CONESTOGA A TOTAL OF 2,400 H.P.

"ENLARGING MIRROR"-----
SEE YOURSELF AS YOUR FRIENDS
DON'T SEE YOU--

THE MIGHTY MITE

THE MIGHTY MITE
IS THE WORLD'S MOST
TIMID HERO! BUT WHEN
THE MOVIE MARVEL OF
MAKE BELIEVE MAYHEM,
THE MASTER OF MUGGS
AND MURDERS --ROY, OF
ROVERMAN AND ROY--
COMES TO TOWN AND
DAZZLES THE DOTING
DAMSELS-- THE
MIGHTY MITE
PROVES THAT--
"MOVIE MENACE
IS MALARKEY!"

by A. CULVERWELL

I'LL CALL FOR YOU
TONIGHT AND TAKE
YOU TO A MOVIE,
TEENA---

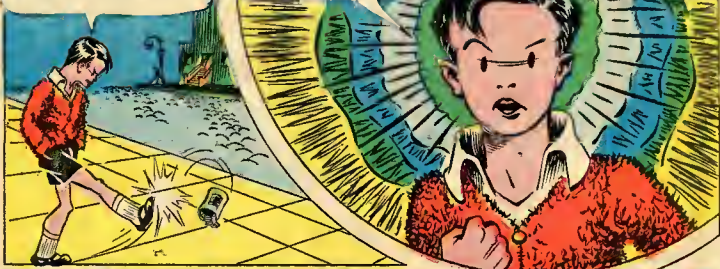
I CAN'T GO
TONIGHT,
MICKEY---

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? ROY--THE YOUNG
FELLOW OF THE MOVIE ADVENTURE
TEAM, ROVERMAN AND ROY--IS COMING
TO TOWN TONIGHT! EVERYBODY WILL
BE AT THE STATION TO MEET HIM--!

AWW! HE ISN'T
SO WONDERFUL!

GOSH--! I GUESS TEENA
WON'T EVEN LOOK AT ME
AFTER SHE SEES THE
GENUINE AND ORIGINAL
ROY---I HATE HIM--!

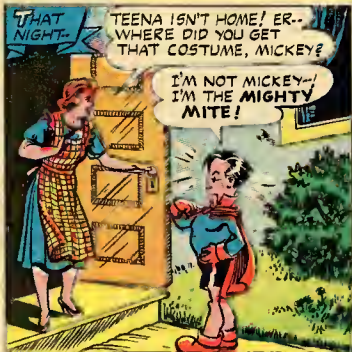
SAY! I'M JUST AS
GOOD AS ROY--WHEN
I BECOME THE
MIGHTY MITE!



THAT
NIGHT--

TEENA ISN'T HOME! ER--
WHERE DID YOU GET
THAT COSTUME, MICKEY?

I'M NOT MICKEY--!
I'M THE **MIGHTY
MITE!**



HA-HA-HA! OH, THAT'S THE
FUNNIEST THING I'VE
EVER HEARD--!

WOMEN! BAH!
THEY NEVER
UNDERSTAND ME!

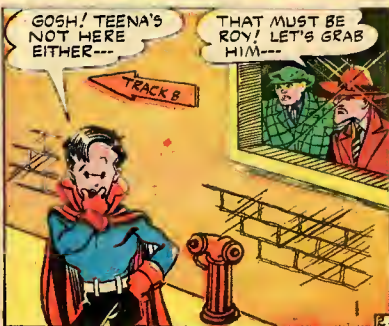


TEENA MUST HAVE GONE TO
THE RAILROAD STATION--I'D
BETTER GET THERE BEFORE
SHE SEES ROY---



GOSH! TEENA'S
NOT HERE
EITHER---

THAT MUST BE
ROY! LET'S GRAB
HIM---





I WONDER WHY
NOBODY'S HERE?



WE'VE GOT
YOU--!

DON'T STRUGGLE--
OR YOU'LL REGRET IT!



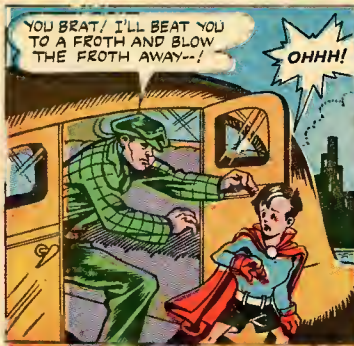
BUT THERE
MUST BE
SOME
MISTAKE!

NOBODY BUT A MOVIE
ACTOR WOULD WEAR
SUCH A COSTUME--
GET INSIDE--!



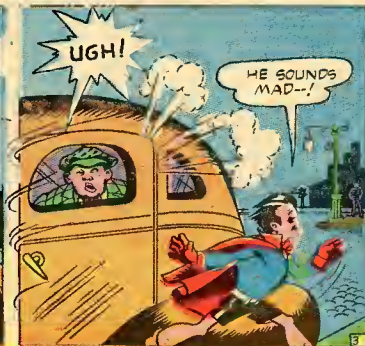
OOOF!

I WON'T DO IT--!



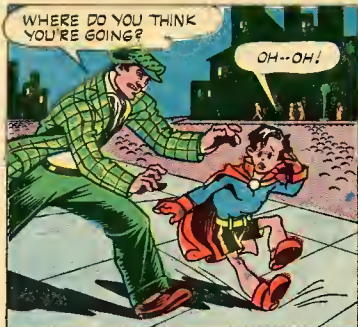
YOU BRAT! I'LL BEAT YOU
TO A FROTH AND BLOW
THE FROTH AWAY--!

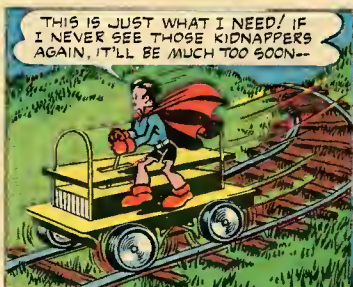
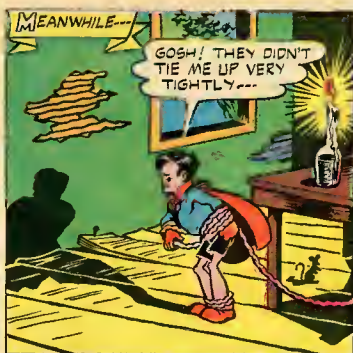
OH!!!

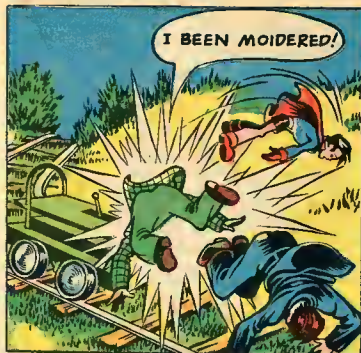


UGH!

HE SOUNDS
MAD--!



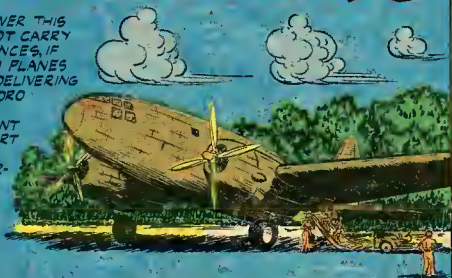




THE END

CURTISS Commando

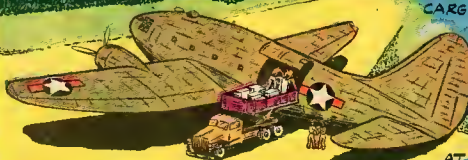
OUR FIGHTING MEN ALL OVER THIS WAR TORN WORLD COULD NOT CARRY ON THEIR TREMENDOUS ADVANCES, IF IT WERE NOT FOR OUR CARGO PLANES AND VESSELS THAT ARE DELIVERING MUCH NEEDED GOODS IN RECORD TIME! HERE IS ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST AND MOST EFFICIENT CARGO AND TROOP TRANSPORT PLANES--THE CURTISS C-46 COMMANDO-- THAT IS DELIVERING THE GOODS WHEN AND WHEREVER IT IS NEEDED--



THE COMMANDO HAS BEEN USED EFFECTIVELY IN ALL THEATERS OF WAR AS A TROOP TRANSPORT AS WELL AS A CARGO PLANE --- IT CAN CARRY OVER THREE DOZEN MEN OR A CARGO LOAD IN EXCESS OF 15,000 POUNDS FOR MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES--- ITS WING SPAN IS 105 FEET AND IT IS 76 FEET 4 INCHES LONG--- TWIN 2,000 HP PRATT AND WHITNEY ENGINES GIVE IT A TOP SPEED OF 264 M.P.H. AND PERMIT IT TO CRUISE

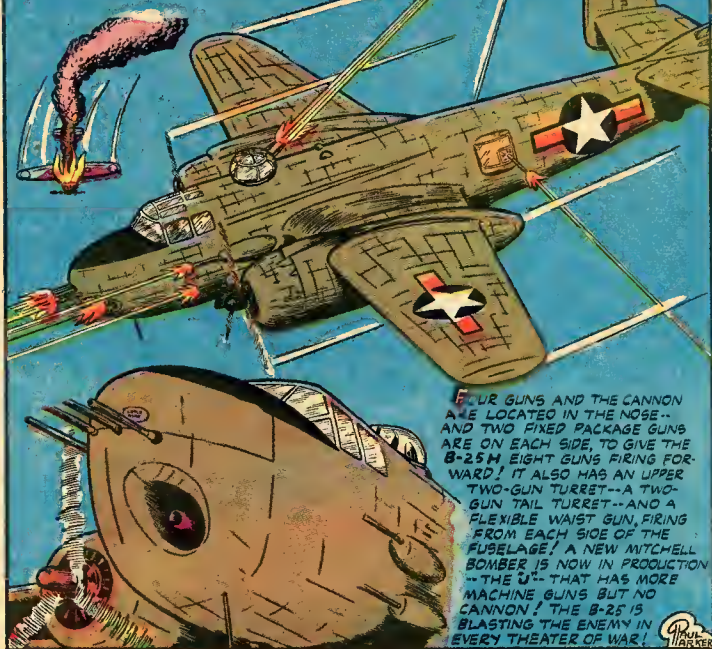
AT 195--- THREE MEN COMPRISE THE CREW OF THE SHIP.

PAUL HARKER



FLYING ARSENAL

THE NORTH AMERICAN B-25 H MITCHELL BOMBER IS, IN FACT, JUST WHAT THE TITLE SAYS --A FLYING ARSENAL! THE PRECEDING B-25G STARTED THE TREND TOWARD THE GREAT FIRE-POWER OF THIS NEW MODEL --FOR THE "G" WAS THE FIRST MODERN OPERATIONAL MILITARY AIRCRAFT TO BE FITTED WITH A 75MM. CANNON! THE NEW B-25 H SURPASSED THE "G" WITH ITS FOURTEEN 50 CAL. MACHINE GUNS, IN ADDITION TO ITS 75MM. CANNON----



FOUR GUNS AND THE CANNON ARE LOCATED IN THE NOSE-- AND TWO FIXED PACKAGE GUNS ARE ON EACH SIDE, TO GIVE THE B-25 H EIGHT GUNS FIRING FORWARD! IT ALSO HAS AN UPPER TWO-GUN TURRET--A TWO-GUN TAIL TURRET--AND A FLEXIBLE WAIST GUN, FIRING FROM EACH SIDE OF THE FUSELAGE! A NEW MITCHELL BOMBER IS NOW IN PRODUCTION --THE "H"-- THAT HAS MORE MACHINE GUNS BUT NO CANNON! THE B-25 IS BLASTING THE ENEMY IN EVERY THEATER OF WAR!

CHARL HARKER

PACIFIC PANDEMONIUM

BY BEN ALTMAN

A U. S. Navy Plane Carrier was steaming along in the Southwest Pacific with her ample decks fully lined with an array of bomber planes poised ready for action. Three highly experienced pilots were bemoaning their fates that horedom was getting them because of insufficient action. Clark Brannigan, a native of Shreveport, La., wistfully snapped, "The excitement here is about as thrilling as the time I took a ferry trip from New York to see the Statue of Liberty." Bill Bates, a reticent sort of guy, and Tommy Jenkins, the comedian of the illustrious trio, chimed in with their thoughts on the subject. Tommy, with an air of acrimony, assured Clark in poetic tones that "The air is lilled with unexpected adventure." Amazed at the sudden outburst of this wonderful philosophical remark, the other two thought Tommy had been an unfortunate victim of the unbearable tropical sun. But Tommy was dead serious this time, for, he had been in the service for eight years, and his lengthy experience had taught him that misfortune could strike any ship without prior warning.

While the three were exchanging various whimsical remarks, the ship's officer confronted them with an order to take their bomber planes on patrol duty. At long last! . . . this is what all three were waiting for. A few moments later the trio took off with members of their crew. Murky clouds were descending, which made visibility poor, but the orders were issued and they had to be executed—besides, these were fearless men, whose religion was a lust for adventure. Clark was appointed leader of the trio and the other two were to fly in triangular formation. While they were out a hell hour, Clark noticed heavy clouds forming about him. He immediately contacted the radio man, and with trepidation in his voice shouted, "Radio Tommy and Bill to turn back and scoot home." Upon receipt of the message from the radio operator, Tommy seemed bewildered. "Say," mused Tommy, "has that guy gone soft? You mean he's ordering us back just because a little storm is brewing a couple of hundred miles from here?"

Tommy and Bill turned their planes around, and headed back to the aircraft carrier, Brannigan, however, continued on his flight. By this time a raging squall had assumed blinding proportions, and for a time he, too, wished he had returned to the plane carrier. When one of those South Sea storms hit it strikes with unabated fury. The wind-tossed plane, with rain of water-bucket proportions, tried vainly to continue on its patrol, but the elements had played such havoc with the heroic trio that Clark decided to make a "pancake" landing. "O.K. men, get ant your life-rafts,

we're going to make a pancake landing," shouted Clark. Several minutes later, Clark, who was ready to meet his fate, "pancaked" into the turbulent waters, with the cockpit striking with such strong impact that bursting clouds of water shot up in the air, and all the occupants felt that all hell had broken loose.

Clark exclaimed, "This plane is sinking rapidly! Forget about the food and supplies—let's throw out the raft!"

With one great heave, the men threw the raft out into the turbulent mass of water. The radio operator, Jack Connors, tried to salvage an emergency radio, but had no time to waste looking for anything. Time was of great essence—the plane was now deeply submerged, with only the tail visible on the water. The unfortunate trio were in a dilemma. The men scampered aboard the raft, alighting from the cockpit with frenzy, yet with the presence of mind to insure a safe exit from the disabled plane to a comparative security of life on a raft.

The navigator, "Chuck" Dooley, who hit the water first, entered the life-raft, "Did any of you men get the hand pump?" inquired Chuck. "No," replied Connors, "I don't think we need one—this raft has an automatic inflation valve." "Have you men any weapons with which we can get some food?" asked Clark. "I've got a revolver," retorted Jack Connors. "And I have a pocket-knife and a pair of pliers," remarked "Chuck." Securely settled in their life-raft, their scattered thoughts turned to thankfulness that they were, indeed, fortunate in having saved their lives.

The life-raft cast a deep, dark shadow, silhouetted against terrific waves as complete darkness approached. It wallowed wildly through the long, dismal night, but the morale of its occupants was very high—with the men relating stories about their domestic trials and tribulations—just to pass the lingering hours away. They were positive that in the morning they would be sighted by a ship or a scout plane and would be brought back to safety. During the latter part of the night the storm became more subdued, and by sunrise the squall subsided, with the turbulent waves now seeming like a peaceful lake.

In the morning, Clark sighted a lonely plane on the horizon. "Look, men!" he joyously shouted, "I see a scouting plane in the distance . . . they must be out searching for us." "I don't think he saw us—he's veering in a westerly direction," countered Connors. "You're right," answered Chuck, sadly, "I guess we're in for it—we'll just have to drift at sea until Lady Luck is a bit kinder to us."

Three days elapsed which seemed like three long, suffering years. They had no food, no water, and no fishing lines with which to catch fish. The men suddenly became imbued with a reverential feeling and resorted to prayer. Life is funny that way. Even an agnostic resorts to prayer when he is faced with extreme danger. These men did believe in God, and prayed for the sudden appearance of some

miracle to save them from an almost certain death from hunger, thirst and exposure. "Surely, there must be someone who is aware of our plight," shrugged Chuck, with a resigned tone to his voice. Meanwhile, the life-raft was swinging wildly in all directions. "We'll have to control this thing, somehow . . . give me a piece of rope and jacket," exclaimed Clark, "and by tying this jacket into a hundle and letting it drag behind us, we can use it like a rudder." The steering problem was completely solved, but none of the men had yet contrived any means for securing food to sustain their weakening energy.

After five days, the men became parched from lack of water. Suddenly, as if their prayers had been answered, a torrent of rain hit them, and their thirst was satisfied at last. Chuck became a bit delirious from lack of food, but he was cheered by Connors and Brannigan. When the welcomed rain ceased, Connors spied a lonely fish swimming nearby. "Men, we've got food!" he shouted jubilantly, as he nabbed the fish with his pen-knife, and started preparing it for their first taste of food in five days. The head was cut off, and the remaining parts of the fish were eaten with all the solemnity and pompousness of a deluxe banquet.

Good fortune had suddenly beset the three men of mercy. "Quick!" yelled Clark excitedly, "get the revolver—there's an albatross approaching us." Connors nervously aimed the gun at the albatross, and luck was again kind to them, for more food was in store. They removed the feathers from the bird and exposed it to the torrid sun. After several minutes, the albatross looked like an old-fashioned southern-fried chicken. Their hunger was satisfied to some extent, but how long could the men stand the torture of a blazing tropical sun and lack of sleep?

After surviving the unkind elements of the

sea for twenty-three torturous days and nights, the bedraggled men almost went insane. They had also encountered some difficulty with the inhumane Japs. Clark mistook a Jap patrol plane for a friendly one, and waved wildly at it—and what a welcome he received! The Jap plane released a volley of bullets, but it scored a near-miss, which was lucky for the crew of the life-raft.

Raging storms descended intermittently upon the men, but the gallant trio stuck to their helpless raft like an infant clings to its bottle. One night, the tiny raft was tossed around by mountainous waves and capsized. The men found themselves holding on to its sides for dear life. They finally clambered aboard the righted raft which had taken in a quantity of water, and pondered their fate more deeply. Brannigan insisted that the two remaining men throw him overboard to lighten the load. "No, we will not do it!" replied Chuck, in a very weak voice. Chuck and Connors used their hands to remove as much water as they could, and then gently placed Brannigan on the floor.

After thirty-one days, the men were almost unconscious from their harrowing experience. Their clothes were gone; there was no food or water, and their spirits were completely broken. Suddenly, Chuck sighted a plane soaring overhead. "That must be a mirage or something," lamented Jack. "Yes, it is a plane—an American plane—and they're coming nearer to the raft," ecstatically cried Brannigan. The seaplane landed alongside the raft and tenderly placed the survivors on the softly-matted ambulance floor. The "ship from heaven" then took off and headed for an advanced South Pacific air base where the three men recounted their experience to the Flight Officer.

It was an adventure they'll never forget as long as they live.



RED CROSS



RED CROSS--THE MOST UNUSUAL HERO IN COMICS--BRINGS TO YOU ANOTHER STORY OF HUMAN HEROISM--! THE SETTING IS A LIFEBOAT-- TOSSED ON THE STORMY WATERS OF THE PACIFIC-- WHERE A TENSE DRAMA OF LIFE AND DEATH IS BEING PLAYED BY MEN AGAINST THE SEA---

BUT THE STORY REALLY BEGINS ON THE DECK OF THE U.S. LAURENTIA, A CARGO TRANSPORT, SAILING TOWARD THE EAST--

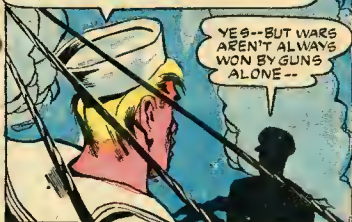
WE'RE CARRYING TWENTY RED CROSS WORKERS ABOARD--A WASTE OF SHIPPING SPACE IF YOU ASK ME--

DON'T YOU LIKE THE RED CROSS?



OUR FIGHTING MEN NEED GUNS AND TANKS, CAPTAIN HALL--THOSE TWENTY RED CROSS WORKERS MEAN THAT MUCH LESS ROOM FOR MUNITIONS---

YES--BUT WARS AREN'T ALWAYS WON BY GUNS ALONE--





OHH-H!

WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK, CAPTAIN!
SOMETHING IS RISING
OUT OF THE WATER--

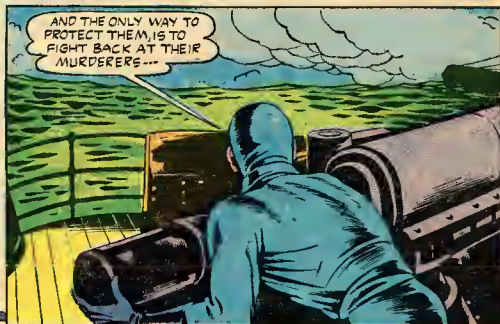
A JAP SUB!
WE'VE BEEN
TORPEDOED!



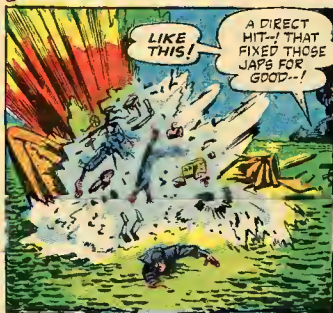
YOU'RE
WOUNDED--!

JUST A SCRATCH
ON THE LEG--
THOSE JAPS
ARE SHELL-
ING THIS
SHIP--

I CAN'T LET THEM SHELL
A HELPLESS SHIP--IT'S
PART OF THE RED CROSS'
JOB TO PROTECT SHIP-
WRECKED SURVIVORS--!



AND THE ONLY WAY TO
PROTECT THEM, IS TO
FIGHT BACK AT THEIR
MURDERERS--

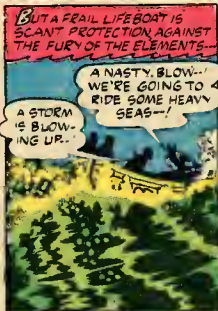
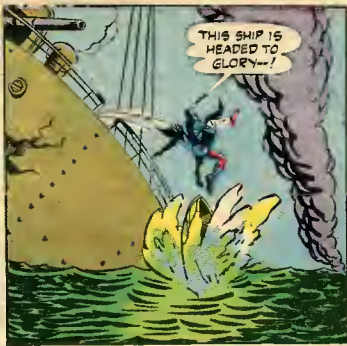
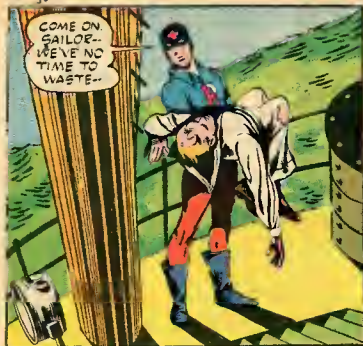


LIKE
THIS!

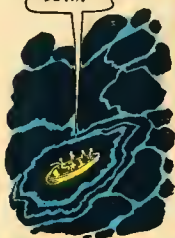
A DIRECT
HIT--! THAT
FIXED THOSE
JAPS FOR
GOOD--!



NO LIFEBOATS ARE CLEAR--!
--GOT TO FREE THIS ONE--
OR NOBODY WILL LEAVE
THIS SHIP ALIVE--



IT WORKED! THE OIL WON'T MIX WITH THE WATER-- IT LIES ON TOP OF THE WAVES AND QUIETS 'EM DOWN--



NICE GOING! YOU RED CROSS GUYS AREN'T JUST EXCESS BAGGAGE-- EVEN IF YOU DON'T FIGHT--

YOUR LEG ISN'T GETTING ANY BETTER! I'LL GIVE YOU A DRY BANDAGE--!



RED CROSS FASHIONS A CANVAS SAIL FROM THE TARPULIN-- BUT ON A BECALMED SEA, THE LIFE-BOAT BARELY MOVES--AND A PERSISTENT DEADLY ENEMY NOW MAKES ITS POWER FELT--

OUR FOOD SUPPLIES WERE RUINED BY THAT STORM-- WE HAVEN'T EATEN FOR DAYS--



THE MEN ARE GROWING WEAK FROM HUNGER--

SAY--LEND ME THAT MIRROR, WILL YOU SAILOR--



ONCE AGAIN--RED CROSS DRAWS ON HIS LIMITLESS KNOWLEDGE TO HELP THOSE IN NEED--

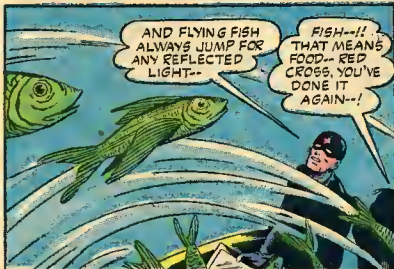
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO WITH THAT MIRROR?

REFLECT THE LIGHT--! THE GLARE OF LIGHT CAN BE SEEN THROUGH THE WATER--



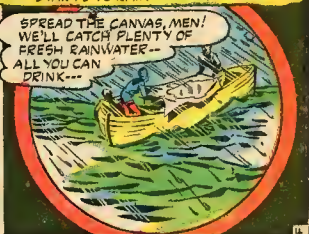
AND FLYING FISH ALWAYS JUMP FOR ANY REFLECTED LIGHT--

FISH--!! THAT MEANS FOOD-- RED CROSS, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN--!



LATER, THE SKY DARKENS AND IT STARTS TO RAIN--

SPREAD THE CANVAS, MEN! WE'LL CATCH PLENTY OF FRESH RAINWATER-- ALL YOU CAN DRINK--



BUT RED CROSS DOES NOT FIGHT THE ELEMENTS ALONE!

I'M SORRY-- BUT I'LL
HAVE TO OPERATE ON
YOUR LEG IMMEDIATELY!
--IT'S BECOMING
INFECTED--!

GOAHEAD--
I-I CAN TAKE IT



**WORKING WITH A CRUDE KNIFE AND A
FIRST-AID KIT, RED CROSS BEGINS HIS
WORK OF MERCY---**

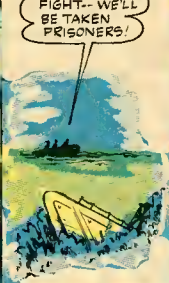


**WHEN SUDDENLY THERE IS
AN INTERRUPTION--**

HEY! LOOK!
IT--IT'S--A--

A
JAP
SUB!

WE CAN'T
FIGHT-- WE'LL
BE TAKEN
PRISONERS!



**BUT THE JAPANESE COMMANDER
WANTS NO PRISONERS--**

OPEN FIRE!
KILL EVERY
MAN--!



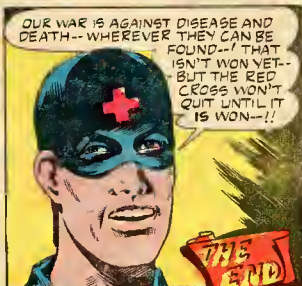
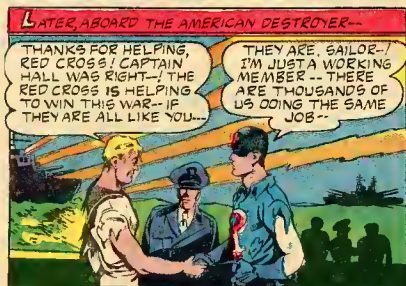
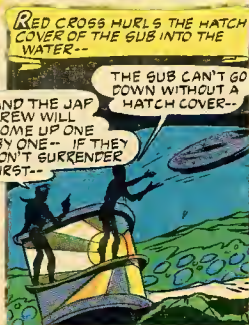
WHY THE DIRTY--
HE CAN'T FIRE ON
A DEFENSELESS
SHIP--



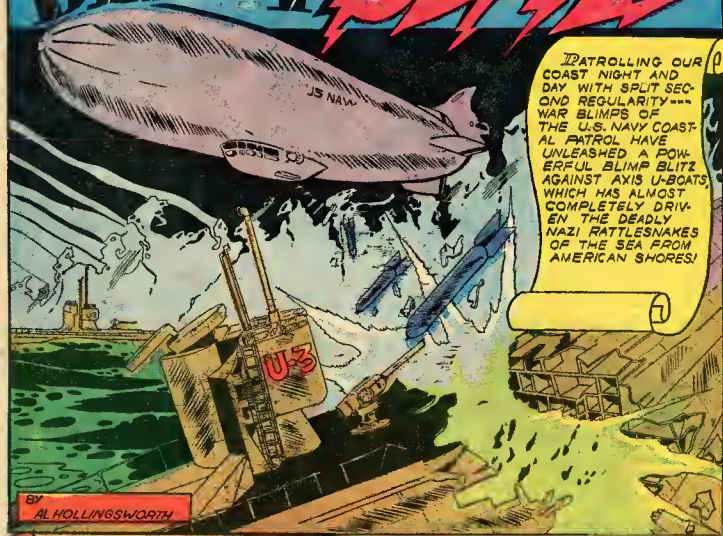
MAN YOUR OARS--
ROW TOWARD
THAT SUB--!



WHAT MADNESS IS
THIS? THEY ARE
ATTACKING US--!!



BLIMP BLITZ



PATROLLING OUR COAST NIGHT AND DAY WITH SPLIT SECOND REGULARITY--- WAR BLIMPS OF THE U.S. NAVY COASTAL PATROL HAVE UNLEASHED A POWERFUL BLIMP BLITZ AGAINST AXIS U-BOATS, WHICH HAS ALMOST COMPLETELY DRIVEN THE DEADLY NAZI RATTLESNAKES OF THE SEA FROM AMERICAN SHORES!

BY
AL HOLLINGSWORTH

RECRUITS---AFTER A PRE-FLIGHT COURSE---ARE TRANSFERRED TO THE LAKEHURST NAVAL STATION---WHERE THEY SPEND FIVE MONTHS LEARNING THE ART OF FREE BALLOONING!



WHY DO WE SPEND SO MUCH TIME AT FREE BALLOONING!

BECAUSE, MY BOY--A BLIMP WITH ITS ENGINES DEAD IS OPERATED EXACTLY AS A FREE BALLOON!



AMONG MANY OTHER SUBJECTS.....NAVY MEN LEARN GROUND HANDLING, DOCKING AND MOORING!



GADETS ARE FIRST TAUGHT TO FLY AN "L" TYPE BLIMP---WHICH CAN BE OPERATED BY ONE MAN!



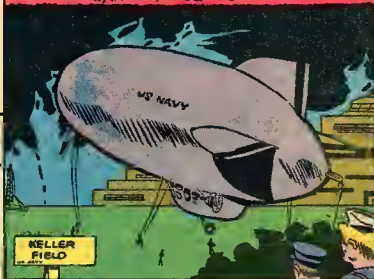
AFTER THEIR SOLO FLIGHTS... PARACHUTE JUMPERS CLIMB ABOARD A NAVY BLIMP.... FOR THE FINAL TEST OF SERVICE TRAINING!



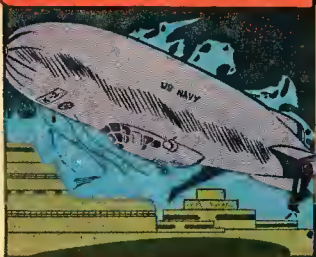
CONFIDENTLY...THE MEN MEET THEIR FINAL ORDEAL!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS---THE BIG MOMENT ARRIVES, WHEN THE EXCITED NEW ENSIGN, BOARDS A BLIMP---READY FOR ACTUAL WAR PATROL DUTY!



CAST OFF---THE 250 FOOT K-2 HEADS OUT TO SEA---EQUIPPED WITH DEPTH BOMBS, CANNON, HAND GRENADES AND MACHINE GUNS....HER BAG FILLED WITH 416,000 CUBIC FEET OF NON-INFLAMMABLE HELIUM GAS!



AS THE SHIP NOSES OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC, THE NAVIGATION OFFICER CAREFULLY CHARTS THE COURSE!



THE RADIO MAN LISTENS FOR POSSIBLE DISTRESS SIGNALS.... OUTGOING MESSAGES ARE SENT BY CARRIER PIGEON TO PREVENT INTERCEPTION BY ENEMY SUBS.



A THE BLIMP ZOOMS ALONG AT A 75 MILE-PER-HOUR CLIP ON WHAT CAN BE A 2000 MILE FLIGHT-- THE CREW GET REGULAR REST PERIODS BETWEEN LOOKOUT SHIFTS!



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

THIS IS AS TAME AS A PINK TEA!

YEAH--- I WOULD LIKE TO SEE A LITTLE ACTION!



THERE'S A BELLING OF WATER BELOW--- THINK IT'S A SUB. DROP TO A LOWER LEVEL!

AYE, AYE SIR!

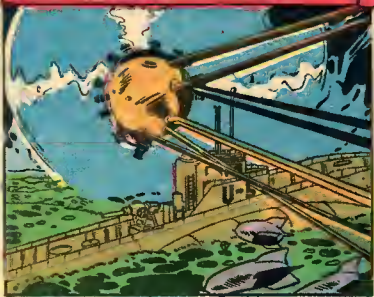


THE CREW DROPS A LENGTH OF CABLE A FEW FEET UNDER WATER--- AND AT THE OTHER END THE SKIPPER CLAMPS A SENSITIVE LISTENING DEVICE TO HIS EAR.

IT'S A SUB ALL RIGHT----- PREPARE TO DROP A DEPTH BOMB!



THE CO-PILOT... ACTING AS BOMBARDIER... PULLS THE LEVER RELEASING BOMB!



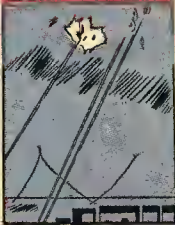
A MOMENT LATER--- THE NAZI SUB IS FORCED TO SURFACE--- AS THE CREW RACES ON DECK!



THE NAZIS STRIKE BACK!



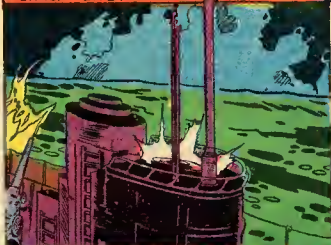
**A GERMAN BULLET
RIPS A HOLE IN
THE BAG OF THE
BLIMP--- BUT THE
SKIPPER KNOWS
IT WILL NOT CAUSE
A SERIOUS LEAK--
AND CONTINUES
THE ATTACK!**



**PLAYING SAFE... THE SKIPPER
TAKES THE BLIMP HIGHER...
OUT OF RANGE OF THE
U-BOAT'S GUNS!**



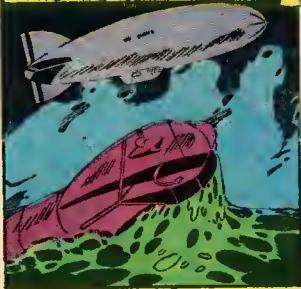
**SUDDENLY... THE CONNING TOWER
OF THE SUB SLAMS CLOSED...
AS THE CRAFT TRIES FOR A
CRASH DIVE!**



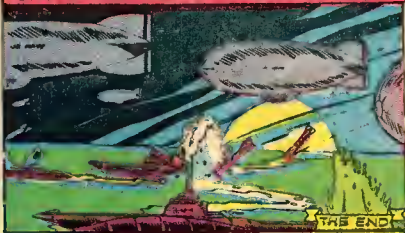
**BUT THE BLIMP'S SKIPPER IS TOO
QUICK FOR THE SUB... AND THREE
LETHAL BOMBS CRASH INTO THE
U-BOAT!**



**A MOMENT LATER... THE BIG
SUBMARINE SLIDES BOW FIRST,
INTO THE SEAL**



**THE MOUNTING FURY OF THE DEVASTATING
BLIMP BLITZ HAS HAD TELLING EFFECT...
FOR NAZI SUBS HAVE JUST ABOUT BEEN
BLASTED FROM THE SEVEN SEAS... AS UNITED
NATIONS SHIPPING PLIES BACK AND FORTH
OVER THE OCEANS UNDER THE WATCHFUL
EYES OF THE U.S. NAVY COASTAL PATROL!**

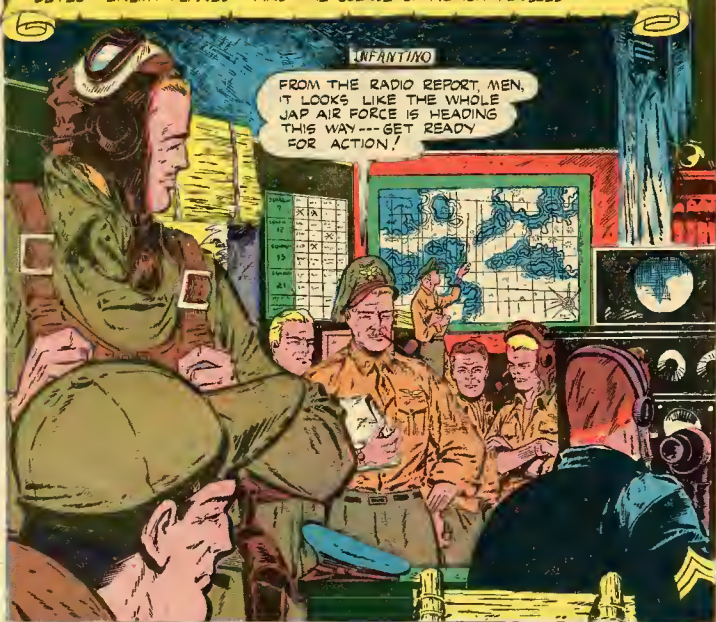


THE END

INTERCEPTOR COMMAND

AIRCRAFT WARNING AND CONTROL IS A COMPLEX OPERATION, DEMANDING THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF TEAM WORK, SPLIT SECOND CO-ORDINATION, AND SPECIALIZED PERFORMANCE ON THE PART OF ITS RADIO AND RADAR PERSONNEL, GROUND OBSERVERS, PLOTTERS, FILTERS, TELLERS, LIAISON OFFICERS, AND CONTROLLERS. THIS CO-ORDINATED SYSTEM FUNCTIONS WITH SUCH EFFICIENCY THAT FIGHTERS ARE OFTEN ORDERED INTO ACTION WITHIN SIXTY TO NINETY SECONDS AFTER HOSTILE AIRCRAFT HAS BEEN DETECTED!-----

FOURTEEN UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT ARE REPORTED FROM THE RADIO DETECTION STATION, HEADING TOWARDS THE AMERICAN HELD ISLAND OF TRUK! LET'S FOLLOW THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND AND SEE HOW THEY DETECT ENEMY PLANES---AND THE COURSE OF ACTION PURSUED---

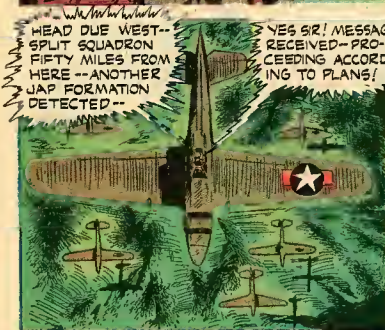




COME ON, MEN, STEP ON IT! LET'S GIVE THE EMPEROR A ROUSING RECEPTION!



WE ARE 200 MILES FROM TRUK! WE'LL BOMB SO FAST, THE AMERICANS WON'T EVEN KNOW WE HAVE COME--!



HEAD DUE WEST-- SPLIT SQUADRON FIFTY MILES FROM HERE--ANOTHER JAP FORMATION DETECTED--

YES SIR! MESSAGE RECEIVED--PROCEEDING ACCORDING TO PLANS!

THIS JAP SQUADRON, IN THE MEANTIME, HAS ALREADY BEEN DETECTED BY RADAR, AND THE INFORMATION RELAYED TO THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND. OUR PILOTS, FULLY AWARE OF THE ADDITIONAL ENEMY PLANES, ARE PREPARED TO ATTACK WITH COMPLETE CONFIDENCE--



THE AMERICAN FIGHTERS MEET HEAD-ON WITH JAP FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS, INFLECTING SEVERE LOSSES ON THE ENEMY! MUCH TO THE JAPS CHAGRIN, THE AMERICANS PROVED AN UNDESIRABLE WEL-COMING COMMITTEE--

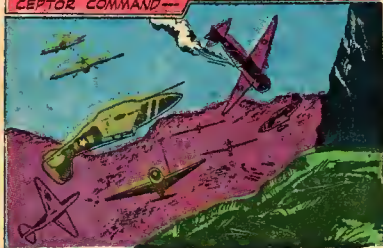


BACK AT THE HOME BASE, THE SQUADRON LEADER RENDERS HIS REPORT OF THE FRAY! THE EFFECTIVE INTERCEPTION BY OUR HIGHLY-TRAINED PILOTS WAS THE RESULT OF CAREFUL PLANNING BY MANY INDIVIDUALS WITH SPLIT-SECOND UNITY--

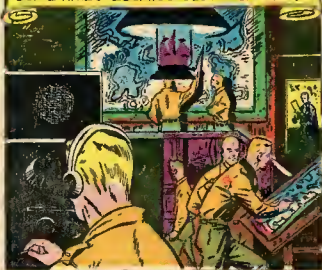
LUCKILY WE INTERCEPTED THOSE NIPS! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN 300 JAP PLANES AGAINST US! WE DESTROYED ABOUT 80 PLANES--THE REST TURNED-TAIL AND FLED FOR HOME--



HOW WAS AN EFFECTIVE FIGHTER SQUADRON PUT TO THE AIR IN RECORD-BREAKING TIME--? LET'S LOOK BEHIND THE SCENES AND SEE WHAT ELEMENTS COMPRISE THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND--



ALL STRATEGIC PLANNING IS STARTED IN THE FLIGHT CONTROLLER'S ROOM-- SOMETIMES LOCATED BELOW GROUND!



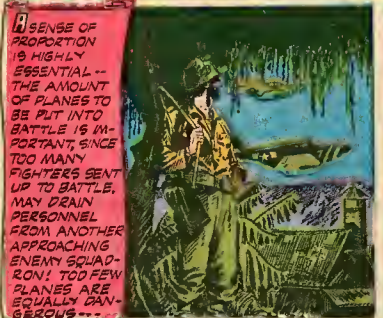
THE CONTROLLER HAS MANY JOBS --IN ITALY AND WESTERN EUROPE, HIS RESPONSIBILITY IS TO LEAD OUR FIGHTING PLANES TO SPECIFIC TARGETS AND BRING THEM HOME SAFELY!



WHEN ENEMY AIRCRAFT IS REPORTED MEANS OF RADAR AND ELECTRONIC DEVICES, HE AUTOMATICALLY BECOMES A FIELD GENERAL! HIS DECISIONS MUST BE MADE WITH LIGHTNING SPEED AND MUST BE HIGHLY LOGICAL--



A SENSE OF PROPORTION IS HIGHLY ESSENTIAL -- THE AMOUNT OF PLANES TO BE PUT INTO BATTLE IS IMPORTANT, SINCE TOO MANY FIGHTERS SENT UP TO BATTLE, MAY DRAIN PERSONNEL FROM ANOTHER APPROACHING ENEMY SQUADRON! TOO FEW PLANES ARE EQUALLY DANGEROUS--



HE MUST KNOW HIS ENEMY'S TACTICS --FREQUENTLY, HE CAN READ MORE INFORMATION FROM A KNOWLEDGE OF HIS METHODS THAN HE CAN FROM HIS DETECTORS -- THIS IS TRUE IN THOSE ZONES WHERE MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN REDUCES EFFECTIVE RADAR COVERAGE TO A



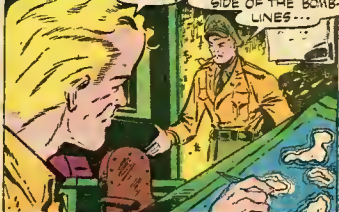
THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND IS ALSO KNOWN AS THE FIGHTER CONTROL OR FIGHTER COMMAND! BUT THE PRINCIPLE IS THE SAME--IT MEANS GROUND CONTROL! ON THE WESTERN FRONT, THE FIGHTER CONTROL KNOWS MORE ABOUT THE WAR SITUATION THAN ANY OTHER AGENCY--



RECENTLY ON THE WESTERN FRONT, THE LIAISON OFFICERS WERE CONTINUALLY CHANGING THE BOMB-LINES ON THE MAPS.

EVERY TWO DAYS I HAVE TO MAKE A NEW MAP!

SOME ENEMY STUFF WAS FOUND THIS SIDE OF THE BOMB-LINES...



MAKE SURE IT'S SO--OUR TROOPS ARE ALL OVER THAT AREA--- SOMEBODY'S LIABLE TO GET HURT!



GET IN TOUCH WITH MARK--TELL HIM TO MAKE A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING!



MARK, THE RADIO CODE MAN OF THE FIGHTER GROUP IS ORDERED TO MAKE A FURTHER INVESTIGATION---

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

THERE ARE ENOUGH ENEMY TRUCKS AND SUPPLIES TO MAKE AN ENTIRE ARMY--

ROGER, MARK --OVER AND OUT--



THIS TYPE OF BOMBING REQUIRES THE SKILL OF A SURGEON! BE CAREFUL NOT TO DROP YOUR BOMBS TOO NEAR OUR OWN MEN!

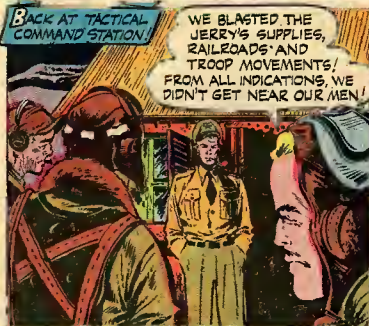




ANTI-AIRCRAFT IS
LIGHT-- LOWER YOUR
ALTITUDE, AND LET
'EM HAVE IT---



BULLS-EYE-- FROM UP HERE,
IT LOOKS LIKE OUR MEN
WILL BE ABLE TO GET
THROUGH---



BACK AT TACTICAL
COMMAND STATION!

WE BLASTED THE
JERRY'S SUPPLIES,
RAILROADS AND
TROOP MOVEMENTS!
FROM ALL INDICATIONS, WE
DIDN'T GET NEAR OUR MEN!

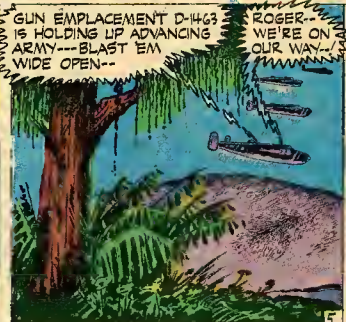


CLOSE CO-OPERATION WITH THE GROUND
FORCES, IS A GREAT FACTOR IN SPOTTING
ENEMY TROOP MOVEMENTS AND INSTALL-
ATIONS! --- ONE DAY---

GUN EMPLACEMENT D-1463
IS PREVENTING US FROM
MAKING ANY PROGRESS!



IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WALK
THROUGH-- I'LL CONTACT
THE SQUADRON LEADER
FOR QUICK ACTION---



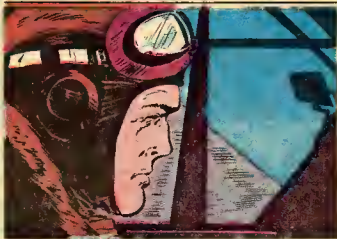
GUN EMPLACEMENT D-1463
IS HOLDING UP ADVANCING
ARMY---BLAST 'EM
WIDE OPEN---

ROGER--
WE'RE ON
OUR WAY--

THE MESSAGE IS RELAYED TO THE SQUADRON LEADER, WHO HELPS IN THE ANNIHILATION OF THE OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE PATH OF OUR ADVANCING ARMY---



OUR AIRCRAFT MAY RADIO WARNINGS TO ARMY PERSONNEL OF IMPENDING DANGERS, SUCH AS TROOP MOVEMENTS, CONCEALED WEAPONS, AND BEHIND-THE-LINE STRATEGY---



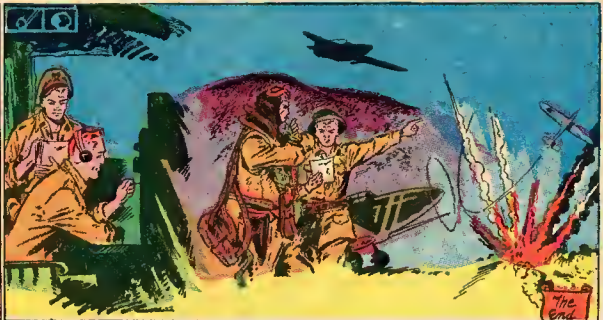
ENEMY ANTI-TANK GUNS AROUND THE CORNER AHEAD OF YOUR DRIVE -- HOLD UP A MINUTE---



ON SHORT ORDER, THE GUNS ARE DESTROYED AND OUR ARMY IS A STEP NEARER TO THE HEART OF GERMANY---THANKS TO THE WARNING OF THE P-47 PILOT---



THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND IS THE NERVE CENTER OF ALL AERIAL ACTIVITY!-- HERE, ALL THE COMMUNICATIONS OF MODERN WAR, BRING THE STAGES OF BATTLE BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES! TRULY A COMPLEX SYSTEM, BUT HIGHLY EFFICIENT--!



DOUGLASS SBD

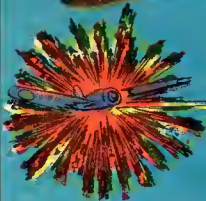
Dauntless



THE DOUGLASS S.B.D. DAUNTLESS DIVE BOMBER HAS SPREAD ITS FAMOUS WINGS ALL OVER THE WORLD IN THIS SECOND WORLD WAR AND HAS GIVEN AN OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE IN EVERY THEATER OF OPERATION-- THE S.B.D., DEVELOPED FROM THE PRE-WAR NORTHROP A-17 AND B.T., IS BEING USED BY THE NAVY AS A CARRIER BASED SCOUT AND DIVE BOMBER --



-- THE RUGGED DAUNTLESS IS POWERED BY A 1,200 H.P. WRIGHT ENGINE THAT GIVES A SPEED OF OVER 230 M.P.H. -- THE SERVICE CEILING OF THE S.B.D. IS OVER 25,000 FEET AND IT HAS A TACTICAL RANGE OF OVER 200 MILES --



-- THE DAUNTLESS IS ALSO USED BY THE ARMY AS A LAND-BASED DIVE-BOMBER (ARMY A-24) AND ITS PERFORMANCE IS SAID TO SURPASS THAT OF THE GERMAN STUTKA --

PAUL
SPRINGER

YOU HAVE READ THE TALES OF
THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA!
HERE IS A STRANGE TALE OF A
NEW TERRIBLE MENACE--WHEN

THE SKY SCOUTS RIDE INTO
BATTLE AGAINST THEIR MOST
UNUSUAL ANTAGONIST--"THE
OLD MAN OF THE AIR!"



WOUNDED AMERICAN BOMBER RETURNS
WITH FALTERING ENGINES, FROM A
MISSION OVER JAPANESE TERRITORY!

WE'LL JUST MAKE
IT TO THE AIR-
DROME!

THE INTERCOM. IS OUT
OF ORDER! TELL THE
REST OF THE CREW TO
GET READY FOR A CRASH
LANDING!

RIGHT!

NO NEED TO TELL
THE WAIST GUNNERS!
THEY'RE DEAD!

THE NAVIGATOR TOO!
BUT HE WAS ALIVE
A FEW MINUTES
AGO!

AND THE RADIO
MAN! THERE'S NOT
A SOUL LEFT
ALIVE!

THAT'S
WHY I'M
HERE!

WHO ARE
YOU? HOW
DID YOU
GET HERE?

PEOPLE CALL
ME THE OLD
MAN OF THE
AIR! THEY HAVE
HEARD OF ME,
BUT NEVER HAVE
SEEN ME!

BECAUSE I COME ONLY
TO THE DEAD AND DYING!
AND I AM THE LAST
PERSON THAT MEN SEE
ON THIS EARTH!

AND AT AN ADVANCED AIR-
DROME, WHERE THE SKY
SCOUTS HAVE BEEN VISITING
CAPTAIN AERO...

JIMMY! LOOK!
THAT PLANE
WILL CRASH!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
THAT PILOT?

COME ON! MAYBE WE
CAN HELP SOME OF
THE CREW TO GET OUT!



BUT INSIDE THE
WRECKED PLANE,
THE SKY SCOUTS
FIND ONLY DEATH...



COME ON,
JIMMY, BEFORE
THIS CRATE
EXPLODES!

WE COULDN'T
SAVE ANY-
BODY! THEY
WERE ALL
DEAD!



THAT PILOT MENTIONED
HAVING SEEN THE OLD
MAN OF THE AIR!

HE WAS DELIRIOUS!
THERE ISN'T ANY
SUCH PERSON!
CAPTAIN AERO SAYS
SO!



THE SKY SCOUTS CONSULT CAPTAIN
AERO FOR FURTHER INFORMATION!

THERE IS SUCH A
LEGEND... AMONG
PILOTS! WHEN A
PLANE IS DOOMED
TO MAKE ITS LAST
FLIGHT THEY SAY
THE OLD MAN
OF THE AIR
GOES ALONG
AS A PASSENGER!

SEE? I TOLD
YOU SO!



THOSE MEN
ARE SEARCHING
THE RUINS
FOR THE
SECRET BOMB-
SIGHT! IT MUST
HAVE BEEN
DESTROYED
IN THE FIRE!

ANYWAY,
THEY
HAVEN'T
FOUND
IT!



NEXT DAY, BOB AND JIMMY
PREPARE TO LEAVE BY TRANS-
PORT PLANE!

I'M GLAD
YOU LET
US VISIT
YOU, CAPTAIN
AERO!

CAREFUL! THAT
BRIEFCASE YOU'RE
TAKING BACK WITH
YOU CONTAINS SECRET
REPORTS OF JAP ARMY
MOVEMENTS!



SOON, THE GIANT TRANS-
PORT PLANE LIFTS
FROM THE AIRDRONE,
CARRYING THE SKY
SCOUTS BACK FROM
THE FRONT LINES...

HAVE
YOU GOT
THE BRIEF-
CASE?

YOU BET!
NO JAP
SPY IS
GOING TO
GET THIS
AWAY
FROM ME!

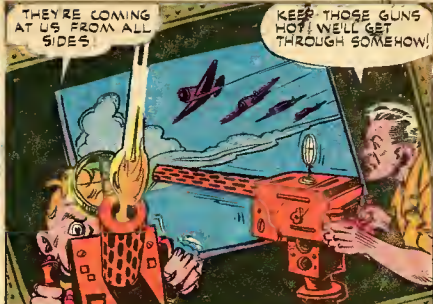


BUT AS SOON AS THE AIRDROME IS OUT OF SIGHT, JAP RIGHTER PLANS PLUMMET OUT OF THE SUN!



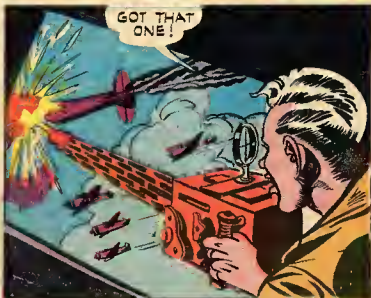
ZEROES! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!

THEY'RE COMING AT US FROM ALL SIDES!



KEEP THOSE GUNS HOT! WE'LL GET THROUGH SOMEHOW!

GOT THAT ONE!

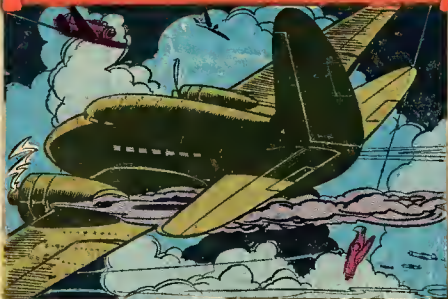


AGAIN AND AGAIN THE ZEROES RETURN TO THE ATTACK. A LEADEN HAIL OF BULLETS SWEEPS THROUGH THE STAGGERING PLANE!



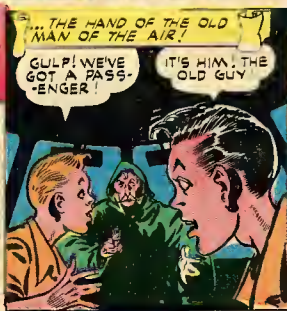
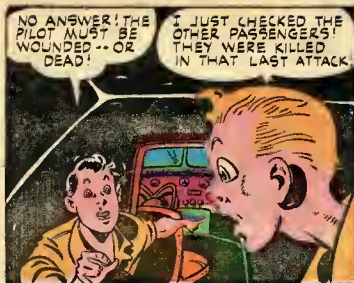
EEEOW! MY GUN EXPLODED!

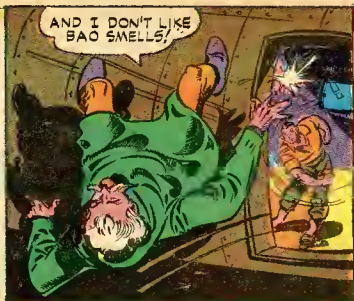
A PALL OF SMOKE POURS OUT FROM THE MORTALLY STRICKEN TRANSPORT AS IT FALTERS, AND BEGINS TO PLUNGE DOWNWARD...



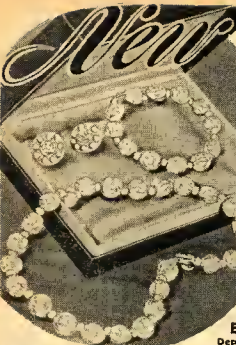
CALLING THE PILOT! ANSWER ME! SHALL WE BAIL OUT?







THE END



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Bracelet and Earrings Each

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Address.....
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Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1180, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

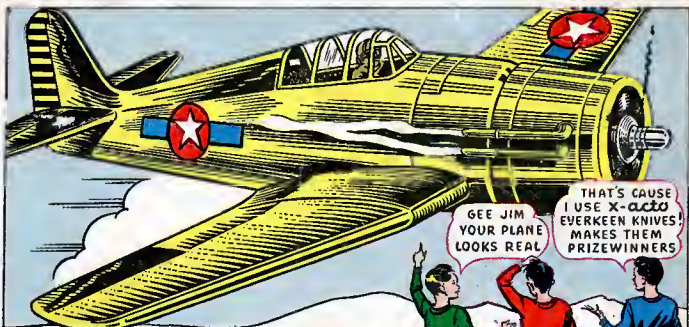
Name.....
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City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

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